

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 3 | Number 2

Article 22

Winter 3-9-1984

Crusin'

Jan Lynne
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Lynne, Jan (1984) "Crusin'," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 3 : No. 2 , Article 22.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol3/iss2/22>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.

THE LIGHT IN MY REFRIGERATOR STAYS ON WHEN I CLOSE
THE DOOR

by Kristine Montgomery

I know,
Because yesterday morning,
I found the tiny bearded elf,
Who used to flip the switch,
Frozen stiff
In a carton of
Dannon dutch apple yogurt.

CONTINUITY

by Rose Anna Mueller

In our tree-lined town
We do not speak of anomie.
In winter we meet for
Cocktails at Christmas.
Fall is for hayrides,
Spring for tending lawns.
We welcome new neighbors
With a smile and a pie,
Come home to our tow-headed children
Secure in our unspoken concensus
That life is worth living,
After all.

THE END OF AN AGE

by Rose Anna Mueller

It marks the end of an age:
The century-old elms,
Arched in their antiphonies
Once chanted like monks.
Saws silence their song
In quicker tempos
They crash to the street;
A moment's crescendo.

A neatly orchestrated team
Takes their limbs apart.
Crushes up their trunks
Like old bones.

CRUISIN'

by Jan Lynne

As I cruise in my Volkswagen on Route 53,
I can turn up the radio and sing off-key.
No one will care or notice my song;
Each is tuned in to his own favorite station
And rushing to reach his own destination.

My seat belt is fastened to keep my feelings restrained;
With heating and air, I'm completely self-contained.
The thick window glass keeps me safe from the weather;
My wipers clear the windshield of other people's tears;
My hrights shut out the darkness of other people's fears.

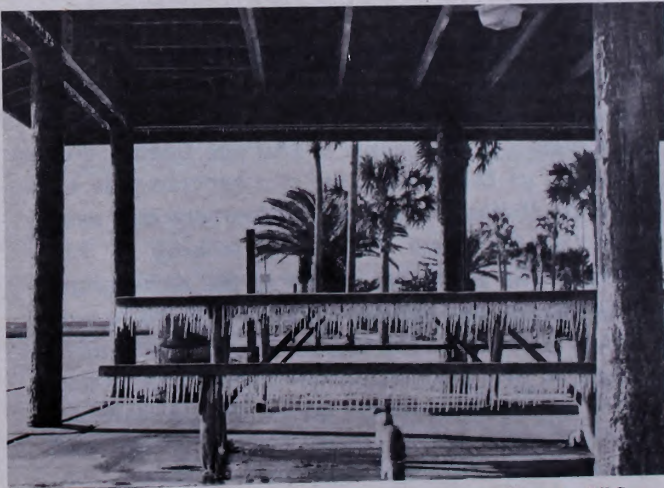
But what if it's foggy and the pavement is wet,
If it's getting quite dark and I'm not home yet?
I might have a crash — a sudden encounter —
A frightening hump from the front or behind,
A jolt to my body, a shock to my mind!

I'd have to crawl out of my steel-lined cocoon
(A rude interruption of my favorite tune),
All shaky and weak and feeling quite naked,
I'd have to approach another driver or two,
Survey the damage, decide what to do.

Shivering in the cold, uneasy at such exposure,
Without my cocoon, would I lose my composure?
In this hrieg encounter with a pair of strangers,
Could I give my real name, and proper address?
And why I had skidded, could I honestly confess?

"My music was loud to drown out the pain,
And I sang outloud to keep myself sane.
I didn't see the sign that said, 'Slippery when wet';
I didn't see the cars lined up at the light;
All I saw was the darkness of another lonely night."

And when I've recovered from the scary ordeal,
And I've crawled back inside to grip the steering wheel,
Would I roll up my window that seals out life,
Would I fasten my belt, turn on my favorite station,
And sing off-key till I've reached my destination?



(Photo by Jill Gonyo)